SMITH'S REPORT

On the holocaust Controversy

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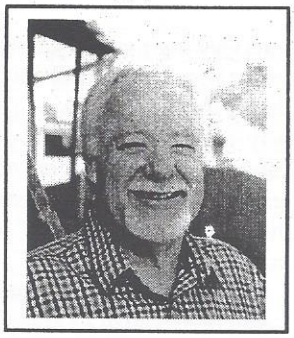

Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize Holocaust History"

Smith speaks at San Jose State, Berkeley, & Cal-State Chico

"Smith is not dangerous, but his message is."

April 2004 was a remarkable month. It was difficult, costly, and frustrating. It was an invaluable four weeks. I relearned lessons I had known but forgotten, familiarized myself with current sensibilities on campus through first-hand experience, and was taught many unexpected "truths" by listening to questions and criticism from students and academics alike. T.S. Elliot's line about April being the "cruelest" month did not hold for me. It was a wonderful month.

SAN JOSE STATE

My key contact in the San Jose area was Heinz Bartesh. Heinz passed me on to David Winterstein, who lives there. David is the nephew of William E. Winterstein, Sr., author of *Gestapo USA* [you can find it in Germar Rudolf's book list]. When I drove into San Jose Saturday morning, 3 April, I found the university—it's right downtown—and called David. He told me that I should meet with Jim Martin in the parking lot of their church. Martin was at choir practice but that would be over shortly. As it turned out, the church was one block from where I was parked. I could see it from where I was standing, leaning against the hood of my car. I was able to call from there because I was using my cell phone, my first, purchased as a tool for this tour.

Jim Martin (not James J. Martin, author of *The Man Who Invented Genocide*) is a bearded longhair, an old hand in San Jose and at San Jose State, who helped lead the anti-war movement there in the 1970s. He knew most everyone who worked on the campus, including the head of the journalism department.

We took a look at the 60-seat lecture room in the student union where I would speak. Jim has a flair for the theatrical, a fleet of automobiles parked here and there around the city, and suggested that he drive me onto campus to the talk in his white limousine. He would dress as my chauffer and put on a show. I thought it a comic idea, but I wasn't ready for it. I would want to have a few successes under my belt before I could start doing theater and feel comfortable about it.

Martin took me on a walking tour of the San Jose campus, orienting me with respect to how I could get onto campus and off. He took me to the editorial room of the Daily Spartan, where a young lady reporter with short dark hair started

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interviewing me immediately. I was to learn later that I probably said more than I should have said. There was no way for her to understand the significance of the promotion of such matters as "the German monster scam," or the "unique monstrosity" of the Germans.

When David Winterstein arrived I found he is a man of about sixty, coincidentally was married to a Mexican as I am—there are not many of us among revisionists—and is something of a genius with regard to various engineering disciplines. There is so much there in his experience that I never really got to the bottom of it.

David in turn introduced me to Michael K. Ealey, a professional documentary maker. Between them they worked out the kind of professional equipment we would need to photograph the event both inside and out, in a manner that would transfer well to the Internet. When Ealey showed up at the church parking lot and stood up out of his car it was as if this immense Black man would never stop unfolding from his two-door compact. The issue of security had been in the back of my mind. Now I understood why David had joked about my not having to worry about security.

The morning of the 6th I spent in a downtown copy shop on a rented computer working out some issues in the talk. Then it was time. I returned to my motel, Jim Martin picked me up—in his white limo of course—dressed as a chauffeur. David was in the back seat. Okay. Michael Eaton was already on campus waiting for us. When we got there, nothing was going on. It was the first time I had ever arrived at a college speaking date where nothing was going on beforehand.

Up in the lecture room there were less than twenty people. A few students, a couple people with cameras, a reporter for the alternative off-campus paper, The Metro, at least one professor, and a couple outsiders. Others walked in, looked around, and walked out. It turned out that when I had started booking rooms the end of January, I had booked the first day of Passover to speak at San Jose. A couple Jewish kids in the audience wanted to know why I had done that. What significance did it have? I said it was coincidence. It was, but it was a mistake too. The first day of Passover has about the same resonance with me as the first day of Ramadan. Nevertheless—it was a mistake for me to book a room to speak on that day. A practical error, and an unintentional display of lack of respect. I would not have intentionally booked a talk on Easter, or Christmas day.

I started off by saying that I was there to talk about—not the Holocaust, but about the on-going criminalization of revisionist arguments regarding the Holocaust. On why was it necessary for the state to criminalize dissenting opinion about one historical question, and suggest who benefited from it. I was about ten minutes into the talk when a couple guys in the front row began to interrupt me. One was maybe fifty years old and was the main heckler. His grandmother had seen the gas chambers with her own eyes. Why was he interrupting my talk? Interrupting my talk was his expression of his own right to free speech. And so on.

I rather understood by his manner that he was not a professor. I reminded him that this was a talk on intellectual freedom, and the crushing of intellectual freedom, not history. I would not entertain questions about the chemistry of Zyclon B, historical documents relating to the *kremas*, survivor testimony, or any of the rest of it. I would address the issue of why it was, or was not, the right thing to do to make criminals of those who questioned the received wisdom on these matters.

After about twenty minutes of interruptions by this fellow a blond-haired student in the back of the room, who was working on a laptop, told the guy to shut up, that she was there to hear what I had to say. He had paid no attention to me, but when he felt the small audience turning against him, he got up and left with his companion. After that it was smooth sailing. I later heard that the heckler represented the San Francisco chapter of the JDL. I don't know. But he was that kind of guy.

One cornerstone of the talk was my take on the issue of "true belief." I told the story of how I discovered revisionism one afternoon at a Libertarian Party convention that I have told so many times before. That was the day when John Bennett of Australia (who at that time I did not know) handed me a translation of an article first published in Le Monde by Robert Faurisson on "The Rumor of Auschwitz: The Problem of the Gas Chambers." Until that day I had believed everything I had ever heard about the German "gas chambers." Unthinkingly.

Then I held a small poll—one that I thought would be very revealing to those in the audience.

I asked how many of those in the room believed, along with revisionists, that the National Socialist gas-chamber story is an historic lie. As I expected, no one in the room raised a hand. All believed the gas-chamber story is true. I noted that that is what I would have expected them to believe..

Then I asked which of those in the room had read Germar Rudolf on the gas-chamber question. No one raised a hand. Jurgen Graf? No one. Robert Faurisson? No. Arthur Butz? Carlo Mattogno? Samuel Crowell? Serge Thion? Nope. No one in the room had read any revisionist argument questioning the gas chambers. Yet they all truly believed that German National Socialists had used gas chambers to exterminate the Jews of Europe. And they all believed that all revisionist arguments on the gas chamber question are wrong, and ill-willed.

No one in the room showed any sign whatever of understanding the point, or understanding the significance of the point.

I presented the case for how the gas-chamber story had been institutionalized at Nuremberg by the U.S. in association with the U.S.S.R under Josef Stalin. I made a joke. "If you can't believe what Democrats and Republicans say, and you can't believe what communist party factotums serving Josef Stalin say—who *can* you believe? Eh?

I drew the same blank stares.

I wasn't ready to give up. To make the matter about true belief perfectly clear, I confessed to my own. I'm a true believer just as many others are. I truly believe that intellectual freedom is to be preferred over censorship and taboo. That being free to say what you think is more creative, more productive of high culture, and more human, than having to follow the strictures of any State apparatus. I cannot, however, prove that that is true. It is merely an opinion based on my own desires. That is, true belief is one thing, while what actually is may well be something else.

So far as I could tell, no one in the room was interested in such matters, either during the talk, or afterwards during the Q&A.

Slogging straight ahead I covered how the criminalization of Holocaust revisionism in Western Europe is already a fact. How it undercuts revisionist research in a very serious way. That law is already written to criminalize it in the U.S. How the Iraqi WMD fraud morally justified the U.S. war against Iraq, just as the German WMD fraud (the gas-chamber story) morally justified U.S. actions during WWII, and was then used to morally justify the Jewish conquest of Arab land in the Middle East.

With regard to Holocaust studies on campus, I suggested that students cannot take for granted the value of academic programs. That when the chips are down the academic class, as a class (there are always individual exceptions) always goes with the State and against intellectual freedom—just as it did during the Nuremberg and other war-crimes trials. To illustrate my point. I suggested that students consider how academics, as a class, behaved under the Stalinist regime, or under that of Hitler, Mao, or in any of the Arab states today run by self-proclaimed royal families.

And finally I argued that, ignoring for the moment the kind of weapons used, the fundamental charge against the National Socialists is that they intentionally killed civilians. That being so, we would want to ask what the National Socialists did during WWII that Democrats and Republicans did not do. The alliance of Democrats and Republicans intentionally killed of hundreds of thousands of German and Japanese civilians from Nagasaki and Tokyo to Cologne and Hamburg.

The charge of the "unique monstrosity" of the Germans then, once more, was to morally justify the "war crimes" of the Americans and our Allies, and to morally justify the Jewish colonization of Arab land in Palestine. And that is why Holocaust revisionism is so important. It represents the questioning of the "unique" guilt of the Germans on the one hand, and the unique "innocence" of the Americans on the other. (I wonder what those students are thinking today about the "unique innocence" of Americans as they view the photographs showing "good" Americans torturing "evil" Iraqi prisoners).

This is all old stuff for you, but it's my idea that it is good, and that it is time, that college students begin to hear about it. Live.

And then it was time for Q&A.

Here was where I began to get an education about the issues that I will face as I continue to speak on campus. Several students, one professor, and two or three student reporters for the Spartan Daily stayed for the Q&A. The issue of censorship and taboo of revisionism, the suppression of intellectual freedom, free speech, a free press, the concepts of Light, the right to free inquiry—none of it came up in their questions. Not one person there was interested in any such questions.

The first question I was asked by a Daily Spartan reporter was: "Isn't it true that Dr. Mengele experimented on dwarfs?"

Dr. Mengele?

After 60 years of revisionist work, that's what is uppermost in the minds of a student reporter? Dr. Mengele and some dwarfs? I have to say that I was flabbergasted. I was blind-sided, as Donald Rumsfeld might have it.

"Isn't it true that Germans used 'industrial methods' to exterminate the Jews of Europe?"

I paused for a moment, then explained what I had already explained a number of times. I was not there to argue that the Germans did or did not use "industrial methods" to murder civilians, but to argue that those who do want to question such ideas should be free to do so, and not be prosecuted for thought crimes. Or slandered. That all such questions should stand or fall of their own weight.

And then, of course: "How can you say that eyewitnesses are wrong about what the Germans did? They were there. They saw the gas chambers with their own eyes. You weren't there."

And so on and so on.

Not one word, not one question, about the criminalization of Holocaust revisionism in Europe, the taboo in American against questioning it, or the law already written by some of the top legal minds in the country to make revisionism a thought crime in America.

After more than ten years of not speaking on campus, there was not one new question about the Holocaust. Not one old question asked from a new perspective. It was deja vu all over (and over and over) again. It went on for an hour. The young lady with the short black hair, who I had met briefly the day before, grilled me relentlessly. She was certain I was trying to say something (the "Holocaust never happened") that I was not saying, and she was very professional in trying to get it out of me. Not a single thought, not a hint of a thought, for the accused, only for the accuser.

I had failed to make clear the thesis of my talk. I had stated the thesis, I had explained the thesis, and I had recapped the thesis. No matter. I had failed to get the attention of those who were there. Even at the time I realized that I had become a student of the students. I was being taught where they were culturally politically, and the culture of ignorance and self justification that their professors had created for them.

Suddenly I realized that the reporters had looked me up on the Web. They knew all about me—from a certain perspective. This was the first time that I had encountered students face to face who had at their

fingertips access to all the information on me on the Websites of the ADL and other such organizations. They knew the "truth" about my character before they met me, knew what my real aims are, which are not the aims I claim they are. The ADL had told them so.

One of the lady reporters asked if I had read *Mein Kamph*. I said I had poked around in it but had not really read it. She said: "How can you possibly understand what was in Hitler's mind with regard to the Jews if you have not read Mein Kamph?"

It's a reasonable question. But what was in Hitler's mind with regard to the Jews has nothing to do with what I had spoken on. I had spoken on how it is becoming a criminal act—for a revisionist—to *question* what the professors tell us was in Hitler's mind with regard to the Jews. The young lady was a little contemptuous of such an answer. My perspective just didn't make sense to her.

By the time the two lady reporters were finished with me I understood a couple things in a new way. Twenty-five years ago students hardly knew that Holocaust revisionism existed. They were somewhat open to the "open debate" argument of let's hear "both sides." Now students know that revisionism is everywhere, but they remain totally ignorant of all revisionist arguments. They truly believe that all revisionists are committed to lying about the Holocaust and lying about Jews, and that all revisionist arguments are wrong about all matters.

All in all, it was an incredibly informative experience. I have been working with student journalists and university people all through the 1990s until 2001. But it was always one on one. Editors, staff writers, faculty advisors, ad reps, professors, business managers, university chancellors and presidents. Speaking one on one via telephone, or email messages. Sometimes in op-eds, or in replies to op-eds. But here I was now, speaking to a live audience of students and their professors face to face. It was a world that I had not faced in over ten years, and it had become a new world for me.

U CALIFORNIA-BERKELEY

A couple hours after finishing at San Jose State, I drove north to Alameda where Paloma was visiting with Magaly (our two daughters). I stayed the night there. The brain was full of ideas and issues. I slept a little. The same ad that had run in the Spartan Daily on the 6th—the day of my talk—ran on the 6th in the Daily Cal at Berkeley—the day before the Berkeley talk. The ad would be able to cook overnight and we would get a better response from it, a larger audience. The issue of security was in the back of my mind. I would take it as it came.

Winterstein and Jim Martin met Magaly, Paloma and me just outside the campus. Our camera man, Mike Ealey, was already setting up outside the Student Union. Jim had driven his limousine up for the entrance. I begged off. I wanted a few minutes to go over the structure of the talk so I left the others and sat on the edge of a dry fountain on a campus square and went over my notes. I would make it very clear today what I would talk about, and what I would not.

I lost track of time and then had to hurry up to the third-floor lecture room. There was no one around. I found less than a dozen people in a room with 100 seats. Turned out that 7 April was the one-year anniversary of a big antiwar protest in Oakland. All the politically aware kids were in Oakland celebrating. And it was now the second day of Passover so the Jewish students who were not all laid back for their holiday were at the demonstration.

But Heinz Bartesh was there, and Andrew Allen, and Magaly and Paloma. It was the first time that Paloma and Andrew had seen each other since she and I were up there three years ago during the old "troubles." I gave the talk at Berkeley that I had given the day before at San Jose State, making it very clear up front what I would talk about and what I would not talk about. When I finished I asked for questions.

A Jewish student in his mid-twenties volunteered that while he had expected to be angered listening to me, but that I had "resolved" that issue for him early on with how I told the story about how I had been prosecuted in the 1960s for selling Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, which was banned at that time by the U.S. Government. He said: "I have friends, Jewish friends, who I don't think would feel the way I do."

What bothered him was my position that the allegedly "unique monstrosity" of the Germans—that is, their use of weapons of mass destruction to intentionally kill civilians—is what morally justified the Jewish invasion of Palestine after WWII. Without the story of the gas chambers there is no moral justification for the Jewish colonization of Arab land in Palestine, and no moral justification for the U.S. to fund the project. He asked: "If the Jews had not gone to Israel, where would they have gone?"

"They could have gone home," I said. "They had lived in Europe for eight or nine centuries. They could have just gone home."

I went over to a long-haired fellow who had smiled all through the talk. I found that he was familiar with revisionist arguments. He was familiar with CODOHWeb and other revisionist sites. He said he would get in contact with me. Here I was at Berkeley, one of the centers for radical free speech in America, and I had never had a speaking engagement so poorly attended.

We went out to a local pub where Heinz and Andrew critiqued the talk. Each had valuable things to say. The one remark that struck me most forcibly was Andrew noting that I had not said clearly that Holocaust revisionism is important, and that revisionists are right. "You have to say that, Bradley. That's one of the things that students need to hear. Loud and clear. The minute you open your mouth."

Like the kids say now—duh! I had been so attentive to so many other details of the talk that I had overlooked the obvious. Okay. All the suggestions, all the criticisms—they all add up. You don't create a radical talk on a taboo subject sitting alone in your study. You develop the

talk by talking to real people, listening to their criticisms, and practicing.

I asked Magaly to critique the talk. She said: "The ending was weak. The talk was okay, but the ending was weak."

I had been worried about the ending myself, but hearing her say it removed any doubt I still had. David Winterstein was there with us but let the others talk. He was saving it up. He would have many suggestions for me over the next couple weeks.

Late that afternoon I began the 500-mile drive south to Baja. Many interesting, funny things had happened that, for lack of space, I cannot report on here. I had given two rather unsuccessful talks. It had cost more than I had planned for. I felt incredibly enthusiastic. I had gotten so much valuable criticism that I knew the talk at Cal State Chico would be more effective. I slept over near Bakersfield, and made it back to our house in Baja the early evening of the next day.

I was back in the game. I had not expected, or planned, for big audiences, or such small audiences either. But the talk was there. It was a matter of focus and framing. More focus, better framing. I have a unique perspective, unique information, a unique opportunity. I was telling people that speaking at San Jose and Berkeley, while the events themselves had not been successful, it was as if I had taken part in a two-day, $10,000 seminar on how to speak effectively to students and professors—and how not to. I was literally flushed with enthusiasm.

CAL STATE--CHICO

I was to speak at Cal-State Chico on 22 April, and at the European American Cultural Conference in Sacramento on 24 April. The EACC was being organized by Walter Muller and Fredrick Tobin, with the cooperation of the Institute for Historical Review.

When I had first rented the room at Chico State, I had been charged an extra $135 for an armed security guard, because of the "controversial" nature of what I was going to speak about—the "Decriminalization of Holocaust History."

Understanding that I had to do more to promote the Chico State talk than I had to promote Berkeley and San Jose, I put together a package containing the 20-page Statement of Principle (SOP), along with a cover letter, and Paloma sent it to 65 Chico State student organizations, to the off-campus print press, radio and community TV stations throughout the Sacramento/Chico/Redding area, and to the campus print press. In the package sent to the five top editors at the Chico State Orion, We included a copy of *Break His Bones*.

If each student organization informed only ten people of the upcoming talk, that was 650 students right there. If some of those told two or three of their friends about the talk, that would increase the total to some 2,000. That was aside from the quarter-page advertisement that I was placing in The Orion on 21 April, and the press releases to media and the print press.

I was confident that there would be more interest in the Chico talk than in the previous two.

On 12 April I received a telephone call from the office of the Associated Students at Cal State Chico informing me that the talk had been cancelled and asking where they should return my deposit. I had not cancelled the talk and I wanted to know who had cancelled it in my name. No one knew. Or no one admitted they knew. Someone had hacked the reservations computer and cancelled the talk in a way that it appeared to have been me. It took most of that day via long distance telephone calls and email to straighten that one out. The talk was rescheduled for the same date, 22 April.

Something was happening.

On 14 April I was notified by telephone that there were many complaints protesting the fact that the university would allow someone like me to appear on campus. It appeared that a good percentage of the protests were from Chico-State faculty, and from the administration. I would have to hire a second armed, uniformed security guard for the talk. I would be charged another $135 for the second guard. This four-hour event was beginning to get very pricy. At the same time, it might prove very interesting.

On 15 April I was notified that because of the increasing protests being mounted against the university, it would be necessary that I buy a $1,000,000 liability insurance policy to protect the university against damages that might occur because of my being on campus. That would set me back another $350 to $400. The money issue was becoming very serious.

Chico was part of the tour that I felt was absolutely imperative for me to complete. It started with San Jose State, Berkeley, then two campuses that I won't name because, while they didn't work out for April, they are still in play, then Cal State Chico on 22 April, and ending with the big EACC revisionist conference in Sacramento on 24 and 25 April. .

When the million-dollar liability policy came up, on top of the two armed security guards, I said okay without any reservation. I felt absolutely obligated to those of you who have supported this work for so long, and to whom I owe so much, to follow through. Absolutely obligated to do everything I could to get revisionism back in the public spotlight. I wanted the challenge—literally, the practice—of speaking to a third student audience ASAP! No more delays.

I was given the number of a Farmer's Insurance office in Chico. I called the office, was faxed forms to fill out and sign, faxed them back. I wanted to overnight them a check but Farmer's would not accept a check unless it was for the exact amount. They did not know what the exact amount would be. No, they could not accept a check for $500, for example, and have them send me a refund for overpayment. They had to have the exact amount from their underwriters.

April 16 came and went, and then it was Saturday. Farmer's was closed. Chico State reservations was closed. I spent the weekend doing office work and taking care of family business, and thinking about things. I could not think of one reason to cancel the

Chico affair other than to save about $1,200 up front.

On Monday, 19 April, Farmer's still did not have the cost of the liability policy from its underwriters. I was told not to worry. There was some problem at the underwriters, but it would get straightened out. I spent most of the day on the telephone between Farmers and Chico State reservations. I was beginning to suspect that I was being sandbagged by the two ladies with whom I was spending so much time on the telephone with. The one who ran Chico State room reservations, and the lady who was running Farmers. And who knew each other. That night I packed my bags.

On Tuesday morning, 20 April, I had to be at the San Diego airport at 11am. I could either call the whole thing off (at this moment the brain recalls that lyric from the 1940s—"Let's call the whole thing off"), or I could leave immediately. It was 50/50 that I was being played the fool. Nevertheless, I was going to play this one out to the end, no matter how much it cost, no matter that the venue might be cancelled at the last minute, no matter that I might talk to five kids.

At 8am I threw my bags in the old Hyundai and drove North across the border to San Diego where I left the car in a private airport parking lot. Within minutes a company van took me to Southwest airlines where I confirmed my ticket. An hour later we took off for Sacramento. I don't like flying, but in less than two hours I was in the Sacramento airport waiting for my two bags to spill out of the chute.

I called Budget car rental and got instructions on where to be picked up and transported to their offices. I walked through the beautiful terminal with my bags, reached the designated pickup place, and within minutes a van picked me up and took me to Budget. Ten minutes later I was able to sign off on a beautiful compact.

All this is something of an aside, but I was deeply impressed by the organization, efficiency, helpfulness and general order and direction of how I had been zipped, from a parking lot in San Diego, some 500 miles north to a beautiful rental car in Sacramento—it was a rather stunning experience for someone who has spent the last seven years in Mexico. It reminded me of what it can mean to live in a "First-World" country.

There at the Sacramento airport I had called the Farmer's people and was told that they had not gotten the papers back from their underwriters yet, but not to worry. It was Tuesday afternoon. I was to speak Thursday afternoon at 2pm. Without the policy I could not speak. Now, with the round trip air fare, and the rental car, and the upcoming motel expenses, my expenses were heading toward $1,800 for speaking to—how many?—students at Chico State.

In the early 1990s when I spoke at USC, the room cost $28 and I just drove across town and talked. There were some threats about a shooter being on campus, and some other troubles. At USC I was provided with two armed security guards at no cost. I was given a new, safer room to speak in. Things are different now. The protesters can price you out of the market. Still, I was just not going to let Chico go. I think this may be what is meant when the term "pig-headed" is used.

While I was driving north I received a call via my cell phone (a miracle of modern technology) from Harvey Taylor. Harvey informed me that the European American Cultural Council revisionist conference had been cancelled. The old German venue in Sacramento, where the conference had been promoted, had been pressured by the usual perps into reneging on its contract. This was a disaster for Walter Muller and Fredrick Toben, the principle sponsors of the event. And something of a disaster for all of us.

I had admired Muller's promotional and organization skills in promoting his Conference. He was wide open with everything he did, publicizing the conference all over the state, all over the Internet, even inviting Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger to attend. I thought he was doing a terrific job. Ted O'Keefe wasn't so sure. He was concerned that too much publicity would bring down the hounds of hell onto the event. As it turned out, O'Keefe was right, and I was wrong.

Driving north I stopped at Harvey Taylor's place to pick up one of three boxes of *Break His Bones* that I had shipped for the conference. The Taylors have an old house in a wonderful landscape surrounded by rice paddies. The paddies were under water. It was all very beautiful. Turned out that *Bones* had arrived late, after the conference was cancelled, and all three boxes had been returned.

It was no great thing for me. I understood that I would not sell books on campus. Not at this stage of the game. That my work is to create a story that gets into the press, and that it is the story that will sell *Bones*, just as it is the "story" that will promote revisionism.

When I called Farmer's I was told that they still didn't have the papers, but would have them first thing in the morning. Okay. In the early evening I drove into Chico and rented a motel room. David Winterstein drove over from San Jose to advise and help me in any way he could. It was good to have one man on the ground there.

The next morning, April 21, at 9am, I pulled up to the Chico office of Farmer's Insurance not knowing what to expect. They had the papers. I signed them, they were faxed back to the underwriters, and all was well. I had been working on the Chico State booking since the end of January. Three months. It was finally going to take place. I passed most of the day working on the talk. The opening, the ending, and sections in the middle.

The next morning, 22 April, Harvey Taylor drove up to help with any pre-talk business that had to be taken care of. He and Winterstein distributed some literature and posted a few announcements for the talk. I discovered that the student newspaper, The Orion, had placed my ad for the talk in the sports section, the weakest section in the paper. It didn't look very good, the fonts and layout had been changed, but it was there. It was a more effective ad than I had run at San Jose and Berkeley.

At the Student Union I found a few people gathering outside the room where I was going to talk. Oddly, they all looked older than what I would have expected. In the room itself, with 118 seats, there was no one. It was 1:30pm. I took a walk. When I returned there were more people standing around outside the lecture room. A few people were inside. One appeared to be a student. The others, something else. Harvey was there. Winterstein was there, and we waited. Several more people came in. Four or five of them appeared to be students. The rest were too old. They were either professors, or people from off-campus.

There were more people outside the room than inside. I went out and asked a professorial type if it would be considered bad manners to delay the opening of the talk by fifteen minutes because so few people had showed up. He looked at me rather oddly, then said: "I don't know about that, but I do have something to give you."

And he handed me a flyer. It was a photo-copy of a fax dated 22 April, that very day, from the Anti-Defamation League. The fax number identified it as coming from the ADL's San Francisco office. The text of the message was an op-ed written by Malcolm Gillis, President of Rice University in 1997 condemning Holocaust revisionism. I was not mentioned by name, but Gillis had written it in response to the fallout from a revisionist "advertisement" that I had run in the Rice Thresher.

Three young ladies had appeared at the doorway to the lecture room and were passing out a second leaflet. I thanked them for giving me one. The leaflet was sponsored by an organization that calls itself "Building Bridges," and was headlined:

"Hate Monger Peddles his hate at CSU Chico."

It quoted the ADL saying that, "Since 1983, Bradley R. Smith has effectively functioned as the Holocaust denial movement's chief propagandist and outreach director in the United States." The kids had looked me up on the Internet.

In the leaflet I was surprised to find a reference to a letter written by the ADL to the President of San Jose State, ostensibly before I spoke there.

> *"Smith's organization CODOH, 'Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust' is consumed with some of the most anti-Semitic ideas currently being expressed,' that the Holocaust is a myth manufactured by Jews (...) Bradley Smith's world is a world of half truth, outright lies and an abuse of language. He is an example of Goebel's dictum, that if you tell a lie often enough it becomes like the truth."*

"Building bridges to whom," I wondered?

There were now a half-dozen students among the people milling around outside the lecture room. All the rest were middle aged guys and gals. I understood then that our mailing to the 65 student organizations had not been delivered. No way. That was a story in itself. And not the first time it had happened. In the Student Union post office, someone had learned what was in the mailing from one being opened, and trashed all the rest. On principle.

At 2:15 I went out on the mezzanine and told the assembled faculty people and other adults there that the show was about to begin—for those who were interested. Few were. We had less then 30 people in the room. Maybe half a dozen were students. I gave my talk. It had a better ending. There were no problems.

There was one Black professor in attendance, perhaps 40 years old. He sat at the back wall with two friends and smiled through my entire delivery, his head resting lightly toward his left shoulder. He had Rasta braids down over his shoulders.

During Q&A I went around the room asking each individual if they had any questions and when I got to him he smiled rather sweetly and said: "No, Bradley. I don't have any questions." The smile, the tone of his voice, and his use of my first name, suggested to me that he had found the talk rather engaging.

Three middle aged ladies in the center of the room made notes throughout the talk. They laughed and shook their heads "no." The central figure, short and chubby, White lady appeared to be the leader.

During Q&A the chubby lady was insistent on the fact that anyone can say anything they want about the Holocaust in America. She could not grasp the significance of the fact that revisionism is already criminalized in Western Europe, which closes down revisionist research there. She could not grasp the significance of the fact that law has already been written at Hofstra that intends to criminalize Holocaust revisionism in America. And she could not understand why the taboo against revisionism is the U.S. is important.

At the same time, she wanted to talk about how Germans had intentionally slaughtered Jews all over Europe using every means at their disposal. It meant nothing to her, even though I had talked about it, that German National Socialists had done nothing significant during WWII that Democrats and Republicans had not done in the name of the U.S. She was very forceful and persistent in expressing her feelings, but appeared to not understand anything I said, or to not want to. Her mind was a closed fist. Little by little the room emptied. And then it was over.

The story of my tour had developed significantly during the time between my talks at San Jose and Berkeley, which must have caught everyone rather by surprise, and my talk at Chico State.

Direct efforts had been made to cancel the Chico talk, including the illegal hacking into the A.S. Reservations computer to erase my speaking contract. There was an attempt by faculty and others to create enough uncertainty for the administration that I had to withstand one financial demand on top of another, ostensibly to price me out of the market.

There was the deliberate—what?—trashing probably, of our mailing to student organizations at the campus, another illegal and prosecutable offense.

Unlike San Jose State and Berkeley, members of the Chico faculty organized to openly protest my appearance on their campus, actually encouraging students to not enter the lecture room where they would hear a talk on issues of Light and a free press.

This was progress, of a sort. First you get their attention, then you talk to them. Following is an outline of the press stories I have that appeared following the talks. There may be others.

SAN JOSE STATE

The Metro, an off campus paper directed primarily at students, offered (14 April) a reasoned breakdown of the talk. "Smith came to San Jose and Berkeley as a practice run for his upcoming book tour; he's campaigning on the platform that there exists a worldwide conspiracy to derail anyone who attempts to revise Holocaust history. He is not *denying* the Holocaust. He's saying that laws are drafted in several countries to incarcerate anyone who tells a version of the story that contradicts the orthodox version. This, he claims, stomps on free speech."

The Spartan Daily reported (15 April) that it went directly to Jonathan Bernstein, regional director of the Anti-Defamation League in San Francisco, for feedback and direction. Bernstein is quoted liberally, by reporter, Mari Sapina-Kerkhove, assuring her that "there are blueprints, documents and eyewitness accounts" that testify to the reality of the gas chambers." I'll ask the young lady to ask Bernstein where she can view the "blueprints" for gas chambers.

The Spartan interviewed Bart Charlow, executive director of Silicon Valley's National Conference for Community and Justice. He told the Spartan, "there's not a lot you can do with someone [like Smith] that fanatic and wrong."

The Spartan reports that Janet Berg, executive director of the Jewish Community Relations Council for Silicon Valley, believes that "Smith's claims are an insult to the Jewish community (...) I don't think [Smith] is dangerous. But I think his message is dangerous...."

The Jewish Bulletin of Northern California (16-22 April). Headlined "Holocaust Denier's Campus Visit Irks Jews," The report tells us that Jonathan Bernstein of the ADL "chided SJSU for allowing denier Bradley Smith to appear on campus for the third time since 1998...." Bernstein complained that he "doesn't understand why San Jose State U. can't kick its Holocaust denier habit."

"Bernstein was also frustrated that both SJSU's Daily Spartan and U.C. Berkeley's Daily Californian student newspapers accepted Smith's ads plugging his speaking engagements."

Censor and suppress! Censor and suppress! How many who claim to speak for Jews in America are openly devoted to the suppression and censorship of intellectual freedom?

CAL-STATE CHICO

The Orion (28 April) ran two stories on my appearance at Chico, which David Winterstein and I agreed was by far my best presentation.

In the first article, opinion editor Sarah Knowlton reveals that the chubby lady heckler who was very interested in what happened to Jews during WWII, but had no interest whatever in what had happened to Japanese or Germans—or anyone else—is one Carol Edelman.

Edelman is the associate dean of the College of Behavioral and Social Sciences at Chico State U. She told Knowlton that my talk was "a slick way of propagandizing his opinion. By saying 'I'm a nice guy, believe in what I'm saying,' he appeals to the emotions, not the mind."

The other article in The Orion was written by Gitzel Vargas. There we learn that Carol Edelman stood "outside the Student Union (...) with other faculty and staff handing out literature that explained who Smith is. Edelman said 'Smith is a neo-nazi Holocaust denier who has no real evidence for what he says.'"

In The Orion archives I find that Carol Edelman is married to Professor Sam Edelman. Between them they run the Holocaust Studies program at Chico State. I don't know if Sam was in the faculty protest outside my lecture room. In their program curriculum, "revisionism" appears to be restricted to a category of study titled "Anti-Semitism and Hate."

In his Orion article Gitzel Vargas wrote that the President of Chico State U., Paul Zingg, said publicly that Smith is "a crank, a joke, and he lies." No reference to a specific lie I told at Chico or any place else. Only the accusation. Who at Chico is going to follow up on the accusation? No one, I suppose. Faculty and students alike will take it as fact. Their president said so. I'll see if it might be worth it for me to follow up with president Zingg about my being a liar.

And there ends the tale of my April 2004 tour of college campuses—for this issue of SR. This was the beginning, not the end. Next issue I will discuss a different way of booking a campus tour. Meanwhile I will need your continuing support.

Good luck to us all.

Bradley

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